

## DISEASES OF THE EYE.

The Effect of Modern Civilization Upon the Visual Organs.

Not only has the acuteness of vision of civilized man fallen below the standard common among savage nations, but, at the same time, the eyes of civilized man often depart from the normal or approximately spherical formation. They depart from it in two opposite directions; either becoming flattened from front to back, so as to bring the retina near the surface, or elongated from front to back, so as to remove the retina too far from the surface. The former condition, technically called "hypermetropia," demands the exercise of accommodation even for distant objects, thus becoming a source of fatigue to the eyes, and it is also the common cause of squint. The latter, technically called "myopia," is the cause of short sight. These two malformations may be said to have come into existence within historic time, and into prevalence almost within living memory.

Hypermetropia, or "far-sight," may be regarded as a matter of arrested development. The eye is flat because it has not attained its full proportions. It is stunted, and the imperfection is seldom limited to the shape of the organ as a whole, but usually extends also to its component parts. The retina of a flat eye is commonly defective, so that vision, even when assisted by glasses which correct the fault of the shape, falls short of the normal standard. It goes without saying that hypermetropia is favored by all circumstances which interfere with complete bodily development, and that it is almost common among a population living in unwholesome conditions.

The original cause of myopia, on the other hand, seems to be the application of the eyes to near objects; in other words, the pouring over books and handicrafts. When the eyes are directed to a near object they are turned in, or rendered convergent, so that the axes of vision meet upon it, and this position is maintained by a muscular effort which, if continued, alters the shape of the eye in the direction of elongation. Manifestly the alteration will be most easily effected during youth, when the tissues of the body, including those of the eye, are comparatively lax and distensible, and it will also be most easily effected among those young people whose tissues are exceptionally weak by reason of inadequate food or of unhealthy descent or surroundings. Badly lighted schools are the great manufacturing centers of myopia, the appalling approximation of the books or other materials of study.

There is yet another defect of shape, called astigmatism, which merely means that the surface of the eye is differently curved in different directions. All three, flat-eye, myopia and astigmatism, are produced originally, are peculiarities of shape which are constantly handed down by parents to their offspring.—*Philadelphia North American.*

## Hogs and Hog Killing.

I will say a few words relative to our native hog, the pig, the sir, hog's! American hog that plow deep furrows in the garden among the squash and pea vines, and revolutionize the earth among the cucumber and parsnip beds.

Those identical hogs that in sleepy solitude wander out in the morning sunshine and revel upon the sticky sweet corn and infantile water melons, and tickle the cramped edge of their hairy bristles.

The eccentricities of the hog are numerous. There is a dreamy, wistful look about the countenance of the average hog that reveals that he is a deep, overhanging sorrow which can only be broken by taking a fence board and swatting him across the back bone, when he will immediately brighten up, say good evening and dash quickly between your legs—oh, so quickly.

This is often embarrassing to the swatter, when performed in the presence of company, but the hog enjoys it.

The hog has acquired considerable note as a runner. He is shown off to best advantage in a corn-field with a man carrying a hay rake in close pursuit. He will run a large pig, free from general debility, keep him eleven feet ahead of the farmer in a hotly contested race around a corn-field, and run past the gate seventeen or eighteen consecutive times before induced to invade his normal sphere again.

Never feel too overly confident of a hog. He is a cunning, crafty and treacherous undertaker.

Hog killing and pork packing has risen to a vast industry in this country, a gigantic monopoly. And our pork is shipped atwart the counters not only of our own country, but those of a foreign strand.

Years ago, when an abnormally reluctant rector among the plains, they were about the only ones who ever did much hog killing. The settler raised the hogs and the red man raised the settler's hair, after which he borrowed his gun, without objection of the owner, and did the hog killing. The toll collected by the Indian for hog killing in those days was considerable. And yet the settlers rarely complained. A man can't very well worry about domestic infidelities with a large irregular hole shot through under his fifth rib, and the whole area of his dome of thought peeled off and laid bare.

It is very different with our farmers now. They do their own butchering, reserve the toll formerly collected by the Indians, and it is salted down for a rainy day. They also save enough natural hair, which in early times was appropriated by the redman, to make it quite an object.

I remember once attending the murder of a large ambitious hog, committed by an amateur butcher. He had driven a large cheese knife into the hog's internal improvements seven or eight times, and had dissected his wind-pipe, together with a large portion of his digestive apparatus but the hog refused to die.

He was the most obstinate pig I have ever seen. I took hold of his hind legs and endeavored to alleviate his sufferings by rolling him over, when his legs suddenly recoiled. Did you ever see a hog in dying strains recoil his legs? A jerky, quivering, spasmodic recoil that fills the sorrowing eyes of the uninitiated with briny waste? I felt just that way myself.

Bending over the hog I said, "Poor piggy, it will soon be over." Then his feet shot out and caught me somewhere in the waist-band, and I felt perturbed a beautiful but very irregular parabola over the fence into a row of raspberry bushes. I paused there and there in that hog-killing business. I have paused ever since.

## OLD BARNEY, THE MINE MULE.

Thirty-Five Years Underground—Brought to the Surface—He Seeks Death.

Three years ago, writes a Coalbrook (Pa.) correspondent to *The New York Sun*, a man known as "Old Barney," having spent thirty-five successive years in drawing coal-cars in the tunnels of Old Hickory colliery, was taken out of the mine by his owner and turned out to do as he pleased. Not having breathed any fresh air nor had a glimpse of daylight since 1850, Old Barney did not take kindly to his new life, and for weeks hung around the mine, recognizing the voices of the miners as they went in and came out, and giving every evidence that he was homesick and wanted to go back to the dark and gloomy chambers where he had grown old. He was unable to leave the mine for several days, but his sight gradually adapted itself to the new conditions. After Barney found that he was not disposed to let him back into the mine he quit going near it, and spent his time wandering alone about the neighborhood, making a poor and pitifully lonely figure, being well known everywhere, as he was known for miles around and respected as the mule that had lived thirty-five years in a coal mine.

He acted as if he had been turned out as a useless appendage, and he had a perpetual look of melancholy on his face, and close the most solitary spots, where he would sometimes remain for days at a time communing with himself. In spite of his melancholy and his years, his eyes were bright, his coat soft and glossy, and his body in good flesh. He never appeared in the mine, but he was frequently followed and surrounded by troops of miners' children, tugging his stubby tail, hanging to his mouse-colored ears, and straddling his round back. He tolerated children without a protest, no matter what they did to him, but their merriment never dispelled his melancholy for a second.

For a week or so past workmen have been blasting in a ledge of rocks near Old Hickory Colliery for the purpose of cutting a roadway through it. Last Thursday Old Barney came sauntering along from some place in the hills, and stopped to watch the men at work in the ledge. He evidently remembered the days of blasting in the mines, for every time the men made a charge ready and sought a place of safety to await the explosion Old Barney would take himself off, too, returning after the blast had gone off.

After a half hour or so of solemn enjoyment of this kind Old Barney walked off and disappeared behind the ledge, and the men soon forgot all about him. An hour later they put in an extra large blast and retired as usual to their safe retreat. About the time they expected to hear the report and see the fragments of rock flying about, what was their astonishment to see Old Barney reappear under the ledge and walk deliberately up to within six feet of the burning fuse. It was too late to drive him away, for the fuse would be burned to powder before the men could go ten feet toward the mine. They turned away with their heads down, and the blast went off like a cannon, and poor Old Barney was thrown a rod away and torn to pieces by the mass of rocks the concussion hurled from the ledge. No one can convince any one who ever knew Old Barney that he did not place himself in the way of the blast, knowing as he did the result would be for the purpose of ending a life that had become burdensome to him.

**Queer Indian Names.**  
Many of the Indian names, writes a correspondent to *The Hartford (Ga.) Sun*, are funny. Mr. Bushyhead is chief of Cherokee nation. Capt. Six Killer is United States police officer. The widow of Five Killer is a "charming belle" in the East.

Ror. Mr. Two Dogs is a clergyman living near the town of Blue Jacket. Sleeping Rabbit was killed in the Creek quarrel some time ago. Brother Rabbit is a leading Baptist clergyman. Noddy Wolf is one of my pupils; Jim Yellow is another. "Skipping" in the morning is a very pretty dusky maiden of Wetumpka. Peggy Big Feet kept a restaurant at one of the railroad stations until last Christmas, when she was happily joined in marriage with Laughing Fox. I can't conjecture what the little foxes will be called. Cindy Red Fruit is the betrothed of the morning star, a very pretty dusky maiden of Wetumpka.

The Centipede's Rite.  
A few days ago Lucien Alexander received from a friend in Arkansas, a centipede. Mr. Alexander placed the articulate in a jar of alcohol and has it on exhibition at his store. Almost every one who has been attracted by it has related remarkable incidents about its family. The centipede is known to be one of the most poisonous reptiles in existence, and is claimed that its sting is sure death, and an antidote for its poison is among the undiscovered wonders of the world.

One of the stories related of this species is that of an ex-soldier. He says that when among the Ozark Mountains a companion felt one of them crawling up his leg. He knew its sting was sudden and fatal, but the varmint was on him. What must he do to be saved was the question. He knew it would be impossible to shake it off, because at the least disturbance it would plant its fangs into his flesh. He felt it crawling, and it came higher and higher on his limb, the perspiration boiled from every pore of his body. Every moment was one of agony, and he began to realize that his life hung on a slender thread. Finally an idea suggested itself. He dealt the centipede a terrific blow, killing it, but of course at the first touch it fangs were inserted in his flesh. Almost instantly he disrobed, and with a common pocket-knife made an incision around the affected part and removed about a pound of flesh. This was twenty years ago, and the man carries an ugly scar to this day; but to that scar he owes his life.

Another story more remarkable, is briefly told. A company of emigrants had camped in New Mexico, and one night one of the party, who was sleeping on the ground, was awakened by a peculiar sensation on his toes. He looked and saw a monstrous centipede crawling along his foot. Only a few feet from him was the camp-fire, and he could see every fiber of the reptile. Knowing its peculiarities and the effect of its sting, he, too, was in a fever of excitement. Afraid to move a muscle, he dared not shake it off. After a second's pause he reached under his head, grasped his pistol, and, making deliberate aim, fired. It was a life-saving shot for the man; the centipede divided and dropped in two parts on either side of his foot. But here comes the most remarkable part of the story. Within an hour after the shot was fired the man heard a terrible grating from under the tent. He looked only a few yards away. They went to them and found one of them with his left fore leg swollen to an enormous size. The swelling increased, as did the agony and groans of the poor brute, until it died in about thirty minutes thereafter. An examination of the leg made it clear that the centipede had entered the mule's foot, just above the hoof, and inoculated it with the poison from the reptile.

The person who related the above incident bears a splendid reputation for truth and veracity, and he emphasized that it was a true story, but his audience, nevertheless, gave him a look of suspicion. "It may be true," said one, "but I'll be blamed if I believe it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

What brave hearts sleep in Africa! What lives have been sacrificed to her discovery and redemption! And what names of her martyrs that dark land can plead when she stretches forth her hands unto God!—*The Interior.*

**Theory vs. Practice.**  
A little man and a big man agreed to have an argument upon a subject for a money stake. The little man, having the most convincing demonstration was to win the wager. The little man was a much better controversialist than the big man, and, having the first of the debate, he soon had, as he thought, his opponent floored. When he concluded his point, he knocked him down and pummed his head, exclaiming: "Do you give up? Do you give up?"

"Yes, I give up! I give up!" When he arose to his feet he indignantly asked the big man: "What kind of an argument do you call that?" "That's the argument that takes the stake," replied the big man as he walked off with the wager.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Miss Ellen Terry's eldest son, Master Edward "Craig" has made a successful first appearance before the footlights in Mr. Irving's company. This young genius, who is in his twelfth year, went to the United States on the penultimate outward voyage of the City of Chicago. On the way he wrote a piece, stage managed it, played it, and charged for admission to his theater, which was improvised out of an unoccupied stage-room.

**Not neglecting Home Talent.**  
Among us who have won fame and fortune. But for one that is successful scores struggle against the petty jealousy of their countrymen and poverty produced by this foreign craze. It is a curious fact that Americans who have painted pictures and published music under their own names have been a complete failure; but on assuming a foreign, high-sounding name their work has found a ready sale. A large number of paintings held by the rich in this country, with French and Italian signatures, are the works of resident American artists. If their owners knew that the artist was a plain George Smith or John Thomas they would not consider them worth the canvases they are painted on.

Why have not Americans more national pride? Why do not the money paid out here for luxuries hereafter pay it to the merchants, who in turn pay it to their employees. Foreigners who excel should be well paid for their work, which should be brought to the attention of the public to educate us, to elevate and refine, and they must not be patronized to the exclusion of our own. We have the same elevating, refining influence with us, in men and women of talent and genius, but who languish in obscurity for want of patronage, because our great wealth is for show, and that is made better by buying in Paris, Florence or Rome. In order to avoid the loss of millions we must learn to appreciate, to encourage and support our own.

Another evil consequent upon the first is, that, seeing Americans doing abroad what we do not do at home, we have naturally come to the conclusion that our art productions must be of a very inferior order when we will not buy them ourselves. This impression is created by Americans who, when they go, consequently they not only send their own money abroad, but produce foreigners, so that they will not send their money here for anything that can be had elsewhere. If Americans had that true-born pride and love of country which should animate every heart, there would be no bowing at the feet of strange talent to neglect our own; but with a helping hand from the foreigner, we have liberated world mount and hold place with the highest talent of the world.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**"What's the Matter With You?"**  
"Well, not much in particular. But I'm a little ailing all over. I don't sleep well, and my kidneys are out of order, and I can't enjoy my meals, and I've a touch of rheumatism, and once in a while a ting of neuralgia." Now, neighbor, you seem to want a general fixing up, and the thing to do is to get a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is Brown's Iron Bitters. Mr. A. J. Pickrell, of Ennis, Texas, says, "I was a sickly man. Brown's Iron Bitters made me healthy and strong."

If silence be golden, dumb people ought to grow rich.—*Texas Siftings.*  
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The armies of Europe cost the nations of Europe, in times of peace, nearly \$1,000,000,000 annually.

Public school attendance is rapidly increasing and juvenile crime is slowly diminishing in England.

The Emperor William is thought to have hit a tilt with the gas-meter man. He says he prefers kerosene lamps to gas light.

The Right Rev. ed Bishop Gilmore, Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the many eminent church dignitaries who have publicly added their emphatic endorsement to the wonderful efficacy of St. Jacob Oil in cases of rheumatism and other painful ailments.

Spurgeon grows more eloquent as he grows older.

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Lincoln's largest legal fee was \$5,000, and he got it from a railroad company.

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Five thousand men named Smith went into the United States in the civil war from the one state of Pennsylvania.

Certain druggists begin to complain that the only cure they can now sell is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. This goes to prove that the demand for a very pretty dusky maiden of Wetumpka. Peggy Big Feet kept a restaurant at one of the railroad stations until last Christmas, when she was happily joined in marriage with Laughing Fox. I can't conjecture what the little foxes will be called. Cindy Red Fruit is the betrothed of the morning star, a very pretty dusky maiden of Wetumpka.

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## "Don't Want Relief, But Cure."

Is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sagar's Catarrh Remedy. It has been used in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

Next time you have a toothache, take a very hot bath and go to bed. The scheme is to "kill" the nerves.

**An Important Arrest.**  
The arrest of a suspicious character upon his general appearance, movements or companionship, without waiting until he has robbed a traveler, fired a house, or murdered a fellow-man, is an important function of a shrewd detective. Even more important is the arrest of a disease which, if not checked, will blight and destroy a human life. The frequent cough, loss of appetite, general languor or debility, pallid skin, and bodily aches and pains, announces the approach of pulmonary consumption, which is promptly arrested and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

When Mary Anderson, breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone recently there were thirteen at table.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred ailments, cured without physicians. Address for treatment with two stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A "bunch" of bananas means about 110.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to break cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

George Brown, the brother of the dead gillie, J. H. Brown, is now the male attendant of the British queen.

A weak back, with a weary aching lameness over the hips, is a sign of diseased kidneys. Use the best kidney curative known, which is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Churches of the United States use about 50,000 gallons of wine at their communion tables in a single year.

**Cure for Croup.**—Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflammation, and injuries.

Forty miles an hour is the rate of travel which an ambitious roller skater down east is endeavoring to attain.

Clipped from *Canada Freeman*, under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, prop.: I was cured of recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Justice Field is writing a book of memoirs.

Wm. Hanson, Oklahoma, who was for seven years so afflicted with piles that he was unable to do business, is entirely cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Price 25 cents at drug stores.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox advises young writers, if they wish to succeed, to send editors the kind of articles they need.

Diseases of the kidneys, liver, or urinary organs, are speedily cured by the infallible Hays' Kidney and Liver Remedy.

Tobacco raising is a growing industry in Wisconsin.

Sudden changes of weather are productive of throat diseases, coughs, colds, etc. There is no more effective relief in these diseases to be found than in the use of Brown's Bronchitis Remedy.

Maurice Kingsley is coming to America in order to educate his children in American schools.

Captain Winslow, Providence Police, suffered five years from kidney disease, was cured by Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy.

Edison works in his laboratory in a robe of bed-ticking reaching from collar to heels and looking anything but picturesque.

**Farmers—Try It!**  
Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only color that will not become rancid. Test it and you will prove it. It will color the butter with the brightest, color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest.

A wealthy man who obtains his wealth honestly and uses it rightly, is a great blessing to the community.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take, and give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; and cure all Liver troubles. Only one pill a dose. 30 in a box. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not do without them.

## Out of Sorts.

Persons of a dyspeptic tendency are often "out of sorts," cross, and peevish. The failure of the digestive organs to do their duty, the severe headache, distension in the stomach, heartburn, or other indications of dyspepsia, cause irritability, confusion of mind, and a miserable feeling it is impossible to describe. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up the digestion, and cures the kidneys and liver to prompt and regular action.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for sick headache and indigestion, and it has relieved me of days and weeks of sickness and pain." MARY C. SMITH, Cambridgeport, Mass.

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headache and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having found great relief, I cheerfully recommend it to all similarly afflicted." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. 41¢ per bottle. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**  
The story that Daniel Webster never swore is now having quite a run in New England Sunday school.

**Many a Lady**  
is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
—THE BEST TONIC.  
This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and all ailments arising from impure blood. It is an invaluable remedy for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. It enriches the blood, purifies the system, and restores the appetite, and the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the nervous system. For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it is as equal.

The great benefit has above trade mark and crossed red line on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by DR. J. C. CHESTER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

**HOSTETTER'S**  
In order to reach the stomach, the food must first pass through the liver, and the liver must be in good health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which by its action on the liver, promotes the secretion of bile, and thus cleanses the system, and restores the appetite, and the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the nervous system. For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it is as equal.

**ARE YOU DISCOURAGED**<